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THE BLACK WATCH.

THE public interest lately taken in the achievements of the 42d Regiment, popularly known as the Black Watch, is no new manifestation. It has occurred on various occasions ever since this gallant military body came into existence, about a hundred and thirty-four years ago. Most British regiments of the line have a story. Each is in a sense a corporation, with its own uniform, its own emblematic devices, its own carefully preserved traditions; wherefore, from generation to generation, amidst innumerable vicissitudes and dangers, there prevails the same hereditary *esprit de corps*. One regiment is proud of having gained renown in India, another in Egypt, another in Spain or the Netherlands, and so on. Even the small matter of 'facings' is a thing of no little concern. The colours of the cuffs and collars usually date back to the origin of the regiment, and are traceable to the taste or family livery of the first colonel who embodied the corps and initiated it in its duties. All this gives a peculiar character to the component parts of the British army. The regiments, while acting together as a whole, respectively preserve their individuality and legendary honours; are not classed indistinguishably, as is the practice among continental forces.

In this way, our regiments are for the most part living memorials of moving events in history. Brought into being on some national emergency, they tell us of the past. In the Cameronians, or 26th Regiment, we are reminded of the body of active young Covenanters, raised in April 1689, to maintain the Revolution Settlement, and who, each man with a Bible in his knapsack, fought with such indomitable courage at Dunkeld as to rout the Jacobite force which had been temporarily victorious at Killiecrankie. Similarly, the Black Watch awakens reminiscences of the state of the Highlands in the early years of last century, when old clan-ship turbulence and the levying of black-mail still vexed peaceably disposed neighbours, and gave some concern to the government of George I. With a view to insuring peace, the carrying of arms

by the natives was prohibited under severe penalties. To enforce this and other obligations, six companies of loyal Highlanders, each with a captain or captain-lieutenant, were raised in 1730, principally from the clans Campbell, Grant, Munro, and Fraser. Forming no regular regiment, these companies acted independently, much in the manner of guerrilla forces—dashing from point to point among the mountains, and stamping out attempts at depredation and insurrection. The privates in this irregular body of foot-soldiers were mostly sons of land-proprietors, or higher class of farmers—men who felt themselves responsible for their conduct to honourable families, as well as to the country, for which they cherished a devoted affection. As care had been taken in their selection, they were generally tall and handsome men, with a gentlemanly bearing. Many of them had *gillies*, or servants, to attend them in their quarters, and upon the march, to carry their provisions, baggage, and firelocks. One of the coveted advantages of the service was to be entitled to bear arms and indulge in the ancient dress of the country. Their uniform consisted so much of the black, blue, and green tartan as to give them a sombre appearance, whence, in reference to their special duties, and in contradistinction to the regular troops, who were clothed entirely in red, they became known as the *Black Watch*.

Matters so continued till 1739, when, to meet fresh exigencies, George II. authorised the formation of a Highland regiment of ten companies, incorporating the six companies of the Black Watch, with John Earl of Crawford and Lindsay as colonel. The first muster of the reorganised body took place in May 1740, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire; the regiment being recorded as the 43d, but subsequently the number was changed to the 42d, and such it has remained. An effective improvement was made in the garb. Instead of the dark tartan, the uniform was a scarlet jacket and waistcoat, with buff facings and white lace, with a tartan plaid twelve yards in length plaited round the body; the lower part answering as a kilt, and the upper part attached to the left

shoulder, but ready to be wrapped round the shoulders and firelock in rainy weather, and useful as a blanket when bivouacking in the field at night. The plaid was kept tight to the body by a belt, on which were hung a pair of pistols and a dirk, by those who chose to wear these weapons. Besides a musket and bayonet, each man had a large basket-hilted broadsword, suspended by a belt of black leather. Some carried targets, as was the fashion of their country. The cap was a woollen blue bonnet, with a border arranged in small squares of white, red, and green, to resemble, as is said, the fess chequé of the House of Stewart, with a graceful tuft of feathers. Such were the usual equipments of the regiment when on duty. For convenience, when in barracks, the plaid was laid aside, and the fillibeg, or little kilt, was worn—a piece of dress which, being of comparatively modern invention, can scarcely be said to belong to the ‘garb of old Gaul.’ Only one point, but a very important one, remains to be noticed. This was the *set*, or pattern of the tartan. While the companies acted independently, each commander had the tartan of his own clan. When embodied, no clan having a superior claim to offer a uniform plaid to the whole, and Lord Crawford, the colonel, being a Lowlander, a new pattern was assumed, which has ever since been known as the 42d or Black Watch tartan. Lord Crawford remained but a short time commander. On removal to the Life Guards, Brigadier-general Lord Sempill was appointed colonel. To which of the two, or if to either, the facings of the regiment are due, we have not seen stated.

No people are more tractable and orderly than the Highlanders when trusted, treated kindly, and with a proper regard to justice. ‘The spirit of a Highland soldier,’ as is observed by General Stewart, to whose painstaking work we are indebted for many of these particulars, ‘revolts at any unnecessary severity; though he may be led to the mouth of a cannon if properly directed, and will die rather than be unfaithful to his trust. But, if instead of leading, his officers attempt to drive him, he may fail in the discharge of the most common duties.’ In short, the Highland soldier must not be treated as an imbecile, but as a man of intelligence and honour, who requires no forcing to lead him to victory. Brought in face of the enemy, he knows what to do, and the duties of an officer may be said to cease. Want of a knowledge of these characteristics, led the government at the time we speak of, and more recently, into some serious errors. Highland regiments who would have fought to the death if treated with any degree of discretion, were on several occasions brought into a condition of mutiny by sheer mismanagement. Something of this sort occurred with the Black Watch in its newly embodied form. From anything said to the regiment, the notion entertained was, that it was to remain essentially a defensive local force. The men enlisted on that understanding. Hence, there arose an unhappy incident. In 1743, the regiment, a little against its will, was marched to London, and while there, a rumour was circulated that it was to be sent abroad. Indignant at what was deemed a breach of contract, and no considerate explanation being given, the men marched off northwards. By some persuasions, they were induced to return to the metropolis, where a few examples were made, to

maintain discipline; and ever afterwards, through judicious management, no regiment fulfilled its duties more faithfully, or with greater *éclat*, in any part of the world.

The first scene of its foreign exploits was in Flanders, to which, under the name of Sempill’s Highlanders, the regiment was despatched to take part in the war with France, which began in 1744, and closed in 1748. It arrived too late for the battle of Dettingen, and being for a time quartered in Flanders, its behaviour gave the highest satisfaction. The men gained the good opinion of the inhabitants, who expressed their anxious desire to have a Highland soldier quartered in each of their houses, ‘as these men were not only quiet, kind, and domestic, but served as a protection against the rudeness of others.’ While abroad, Lord Sempill was appointed to the 25th, being succeeded by Lord John Murray, son of the Duke of Atholl. Under the name of Murray’s Highlanders, the regiment distinguished itself at the battle of Fontenoy, April 30, 1745. It was a bad business. There was a failure on the part of the Dutch allies, and Marshal Saxe gained a victory over the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III. According to the Culloden Papers, Murray’s Highlanders were ‘the only regiment that could be kept to its duty.’ On this memorable occasion, the regiment was commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, chief of his name and clan. The chaplain of the regiment was Mr Adam Ferguson, afterwards a professor in the university of Edinburgh, and father of Sir Adam, the life-long friend of Sir Walter Scott. It is mentioned that when the regiment was taking its ground on the morning of the battle, Sir Robert Munro perceived the chaplain in the ranks, and with a friendly caution, told him there was no necessity to expose himself to danger, and that he ought to be out of the line of fire. Mr Ferguson thanked Sir Robert for his friendly advice, but added that he had a duty which he was imperiously called upon to perform. Accordingly, he continued with the regiment during the whole of the action, in the hottest of the fire, praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, directing them to be carried to a place of safety; circumstances which greatly endeared him to all members of the corps. The deeds of daring were remarkable. One of the Highlanders, named Campbell, killed nine Frenchmen with his broadsword, and while aiming a blow at a tenth, had his arm carried away by a cannon-ball. The Duke of Cumberland, who saw him drop, nominated him a lieutenant on the spot; his portrait was engraved, and there was scarcely a village throughout England but had the walls of its cottages decorated with the representation of this warlike Celt.

We have not space to follow the Black Watch through its momentous history. Recalled from the continent, it was engaged in several battles to suppress the Rebellion of 1745. Next, it found some work during the Seven Years’ War, beginning with Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, in 1750, in which war it lost altogether twenty-seven officers and three hundred and eighty-four rank and file. Pressed by the united forces of France and Spain, and by the hostilities of Hyder Ali in India, the government (now fully alive to the value of Highland soldiers) added a second battalion to the 42d regiment, which was embodied at Perth.

In the hapless American war, the regiment

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performed prodigies of valour in fourteen battles and skirmishes, the last of them at Yorktown, in Virginia, in 1781, when the colonies were given up as lost. Pity it is that, by the blundering policy of the period, the bravery of these Highlanders was so grievously misexpended! Then came the French Revolutionary war, in which, from its commencement in 1793 till its close in 1814, the 42d fought in seventeen battles. Some of its heaviest affairs were in Egypt, to check the unwarrantable encroachments of Bonaparte. Returning home covered with glory, and numbers of the men with the loss of an eye, from the glare and sand of the desert, the regiment was received with enthusiasm at several public entertainments. Not long afterwards, it was employed in the Peninsular campaigns, fighting battle after battle, at Corunna, Salamanca, Burgos, &c. In this protracted French war, the Black Watch lost more men in killed and wounded than its original numerical force, and only kept the field by recruiting. With scarcely a breathing-time, ensued the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, in June 1815, and here there were fresh laurels and fresh losses. Again returning home, there was a repetition of enthusiastic receptions and public banquets.

From the close of that terrific struggle with Bonaparte until the Crimean war, the 42d was occupied much in the manner of other troops, sometimes at home, sometimes in distant possessions. In the Crimean affair, they had some arduous work at Alma and Sevastopol—1854-5. Their next operations were in India, to aid in quelling the Mutiny of 1857. There, as is well remembered, the regiment displayed extraordinary endurance and gallantry in the capture of Lucknow and rescue of unhappy prisoners. Unwillingly passing over a record of deeds which might fill a volume, we arrive at the latest achievements of the Black Watch, in the Ashantee war, in the early part of the present year. This African campaign, undertaken to compel the king of Ashantee to refrain from molesting tribes on the coast who claimed British protection, was conducted with consummate skill by Sir Garnet Wolseley. The forces were not numerous. Among them was only a portion of the 42d, commanded by Colonel Macleod. Encountering a pestilential climate, and a wily and treacherous foe concealed in dense forests, through which pathways had to be excavated, the difficulties of the expedition were enormous. Yet, all were successfully overcome. We need not dwell on particulars within the recollection of every one. In the principal battle, fought at Amoafu, on the 31st January, the Highlanders marching with their bagpipes playing, drove all before them, the engagement being ably supported by other branches of the service. Following up these successes, the troops captured Coomassie, the capital of the country, and secured the submission of the king. The brilliant feats of the Black Watch in this African war almost more than sustained the well-won reputation of the corps; and correspondingly great has been the acclaim of admiration in England.

Our too brief narrative is concluded. The Black Watch are once more at home to recruit, preparatory to new exploits wherever the fortune of war may lead them. They bear the royal cipher within the garter of St Andrew, and the national motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit* (No one touches me with im-

punity), along with names of places commemorative of transactions to which we have imperfectly referred — Egypt, Corunna, Fuentes d'Onor, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Sevastopol, Lucknow; and to these will now properly be added Ashantee, for nowhere was the fearless steadiness, bravery, and sense of responsibility of the Black Watch more clearly or more gratifyingly demonstrated.

W. C.

THE WISHED-FOR SAW-MILL.

In one of my angling excursions, I went, by the advice of my knowing friend Nibbs, to try the small river Toft, which runs through a pretty bit of country, and has on its banks the village, or more properly hamlet of Whortle, where I took up my residence. The place had no inn, but that did not matter. Anglers are not particular as to lodgings. The cottage which gave me shelter was clean and comfortable enough; Mrs Williams, a motherly dame, had good store of sweet linen, and made capital bread. There was a difficulty about butcher-meat; but sides of bacon were suspended all over the kitchen ceiling, eggs were reckoned by the dozen, chickens and ducks were chuckling and quacking all around, excellent vegetables grew in the garden; and for fish, in my opinion, small river-trout are almost as nice to eat as to catch, which is saying a great deal.

I took a letter from Nibbs, and was installed in his accustomed quarters, for I found that he was in the habit of running down for a few days whenever business permitted him, and several books arranged on the shelf of the sitting-room had his name in them. I feared at first that I was turning the couple out of their parlour, but they assured me that they only used it on grand occasions, and lived habitually in the kitchen. My bedroom was over the sitting-room; and from the lattice window, framed with jessamine and roses, I could see the little river as it ran babbling and sparkling by. There was only one drawback, which was the close proximity of the workshop, in which either my host or his workman was constantly sharpening a saw; but even this was not an unmixed evil, for it conduced to that early rising which is so great a point in the angler's favour.

Nibbs had said 'old' Peter Williams, and I expected something venerable, but the term proved to be familiar rather than descriptive, for Williams was not much older than Nibbs himself, and he was born in 1820. Mrs Williams was perhaps a couple of years younger. I was puzzled at first to think where the work was to come from to keep a carpenter in such an out-of-the-way spot, but that difficulty was soon solved. There were a good many houses hidden away amongst the woods within a circuit of two or three miles, and there was no competition. Gentlemen residing about there were, indeed, I afterwards learned, rather addicted to amateur carpentering, a taste doubtless fostered by the profusion of wood all around; but amateur work rarely interferes with professional. Peter was probably saved many a little fidgety and unprofitable job by the skill of his neighbours, but was rarely done out of a good one. It seldom occurs to a gentleman to supply his own household with coffins, for example.

Still, the business was fluctuating; at some times more than Peter and his assistant could well get through, at others so slack that the man could make head against it, leaving the master free to indulge in the pursuit he loved; and with him fly-fishing was a passion. When any sport, taste, or affection fills the soul of a man to that extent, however, he is certain to find some way of gratifying it under any circumstances. Though my host had plenty to do at the period of my visit, he was evidently glad enough of the excuse for acting as my cicerone to throw aside the plane for the rod for an hour or so; and he generally managed to accompany me a little way up or down the stream either in the morning or the evening. And it was lucky for me he did so, for it was a difficult piece of water to fish, but he knew every inch of it. Without his aid, and using the ordinary flies, I should soon have quitted the neighbourhood in disgust. As it was, I had capital sport.

And what was equally pleasant, when I came home, I had such a good welcome. It is a very great addition to the enjoyment of the amateur fisherman to display his spoils before a sympathetic gaze, and Peter Williams met me with the eagerness of a child expecting a new toy. I durst not have brought home an under-sized fish; it would have hurt his feelings. He admired any trout larger than the average, as though he had never seen such a thing before; weighed it, measured it, and wanted to know exactly where and how it was captured. Mrs Williams was equally frank and friendly; and when I found that I should be welcome, I proposed to come and smoke my pipe with the couple in the kitchen of an evening. They soon grew chatty and communicative, and I learned that they had a sorrow.

It was on the third occasion of my passing the evening in their company that I asked whether Hackle always came alone, and if he never brought a friend with him.

'Never, sir,' replied Mrs Williams emphatically. 'I don't know where he could be put up.'

'Why,' said I, 'you have another bedroom at the back of mine; the door was open when I came down to dinner, and it looked very comfortably furnished. Could you not put a second visitor there?'

Mrs Williams knitted more quickly at the sock she was making, and offered no reply; her husband puffed hard at his pipe. I saw that I had touched on a painful subject, but could not immediately turn to another, so there was an awkward pause.

'You see, sir,' said Peter at last, knocking out his ashes, 'the old woman would not have that room occupied on any account, because it was John's, and she is always expecting John to come back. I know better, but mothers never stop hoping.'

'I don't hope,' said his wife, taking off her spectacles and wiping her eyes. 'I am certain sure that my boy will come back to see us, if it is only for a few days, and then, when he finds everything just as he left it, maybe he will stop longer.'

'Very likely,' said I. 'It would never do, I see, to have lodgers.'

'Children's all alike,' said Peter. 'You nurse them and coddle them, and work and plan for them, and all you get is ingratitude. They are just like the birds; soon as they can fly alone, they are off. I don't say our John is worse than the

rest, or so bad as many, for he has never disgraced us—only forgotten us.'

'Don't say that, Peter,' sobbed his wife. 'I'll never believe it.'

'Well, I hope I am wrong; but I'm not. He has got hold of some pink-faced girl, and doesn't care a farthing for any one else in the world. They are all like that at his age.'

'Does he never write?' I asked, feeling awkward, but wishing to shew an interest.

'Yes, he writes now and then, not often. Why should he? He knows my wishes, and is determined to have his own way.'

'You are hard upon him, Peter,' said Mrs Williams. 'Young people have their way to make in the world.'

'I know that, old woman; but he might have made it here.'

'You see, sir, he is uncommon clever at carving, and that sort of work fetches a high price just now; it's the fashion, where they are doing up old churches and the like; that's what tempted the lad away.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'he felt that his talent was being wasted in a place where he had no particular object upon which to exercise it.'

'Maybe, sir; but he knew that I had set my heart on the saw-mill all my life, and that I could not work it, if I got it, now without his help; he understood well enough, too, that it would be a better business for himself than working for wages, however high they may be, and a nice retirement for me in my old age. But that is just it, I expect; he did not fancy having for partner an old father, who might soon be getting past his work, though there is no sign of that about me at present, thank Heaven!'

'Ah!' said I, 'you were thinking of setting up a saw-mill? It certainly ought to be a good place for one.'

'It ought, and it is, sir,' replied Peter Williams, growing excited. And then he entered into many lengthened particulars, of which this is the sum. The saw-mill was an existing institution, at present in the possession of a Mr Tankard, better known as Drunken Tommy, who was willing to cede his lease, good-will, and fixtures for one hundred pounds, and would probably take eighty. That sounds an absurd trifle to give for a saw-mill, but you must remember that the Toft is a very little stream, and its water-power quite Lilliputian. Drunken Tommy did not make much of an income after he had paid his rent. But then he confined himself strictly to the sawing of trees into planks, and was indolent about that. An active, intelligent, well-educated man, who combined the carpentering business, or rather made the saw-mill subservient to it, might expect a very different result. And I could see that this was only part of Mr Williams' belief as to the advantages to be derived from his pet project, and that he dreamed ambitious dreams of becoming a timber-merchant. And to think that fortune, in a small way, was to be missed for want of a hundred pounds!

Could he not have borrowed that sum? Ay, he could; but that was where he and his son John had their first disagreement. John would have nothing to say to borrowing; and without the young man's cleverness, activity, and clear head for business, the father could not see his way. And so they parted, not in anger, indeed,

but in coolness, considering that John was an only child, and had lived on terms of perfect affection with his parents up to that date. Nor could it be said that he left them capriciously, without good reasons; for having sent a specimen of carving to a famous firm, who were engaged in restoring a cathedral, he received an offer of employment, the terms of which might well dazzle a young country artificer. This happened three years before, and they had not seen him since. At first, his letters had been very regular, but gradually they grew less so, and now they had not heard from him for nearly three months.

I did not learn all this at one interview, for the couple interrupted one another, and confused the account, in addition to which, they persisted in assuming that I had a certain amount of previous knowledge, which I did not possess. However, when the ice was once broken, they often reverted to the subject of their self-willed son, and by degrees I got a connected narrative.

I had originally intended to limit my stay at Whortle to a week; but the quiet homeliness of the place suited me so exactly, that a fortnight slipped by almost before I was aware. I was not fishing all the time; there were two days of east wind, and three of unceasing rain, which, with a couple of Sundays, reduced my actual period of sport one half. Still I was not dull, for, as a rule, no man, so happy in his own society as the angler. But I made the unfavourable weather which had intervened an excuse for allowing myself one week more, at the expiration of which I determined that I *must* leave, lest I should be keeping Nibbs out of his favourite haunt.

On the last evening but one, I hooked the largest fish I had yet raised. As Nibbs had told me, the Toft was a difficult river to fish, in consequence of the bushes which fringed the banks on each side. These concealed you, indeed, so that you could only throw a very short line; and when you hooked a trout, the method of securing him was to wind up till he was only about four feet from the top of the rod, and then lift him out clear of the boughs. But on the present occasion I could not do this, the fish being of a weight which would have smashed either rod or line to a certainty; and Peter was not there to assist me. So I played the trout, following him gently down the stream, and looking out for a clear spot to land him at. Fortunately (I mean for me), he was very firmly hooked.

'You have got a good one, sir,' said a voice—not Peter's—at my elbow.

'Ay,' I replied; 'if I only knew how to get him out of the water.'

'I think I can help you,' said he.

'I have no landing-net.'

'Never mind; I can get down to the water's edge through that bush; play him up to me, and I will slip my cap under him.'

This was effected; and in less than a minute the speckled beauty was leaping before us in the grass.

'There are not many of his size in this stream,' said my friend in need. 'I doubt whether my father ever took a heavier out of it.'

I looked at him; he was a handsome young man, with a broad forehead, bright gray eyes, and a rather massive jaw.

'Is your name Williams?' I asked, rather abruptly.

'Yes,' said he, looking up, surprised.

'I am lodging at your father's house,' I explained.

'All well?' he asked.

'Quite.'

'And I am anxious to see *them*,' so I will say good-day for the present, sir,' and he strode off with an elastic step.

I delayed my return beyond my usual dinner-time, and stole into the house somewhat sheepishly; a great joy is almost as sacred as a great sorrow. When Mrs Williams brought me my food, I made a sort of half apology for taking her away from her son, and hoped his visit would be a long one.

'Life-long, I hope, sir,' she replied, fairly laughing with delight. 'He has been getting three pounds a week great part of the time, and has saved enough money to buy the saw-mill. That was why he left us, because he knew that his father would never be happy unless he had his fancy. But he would not tell us what he was up to at first, because he was not sure of succeeding, and feared disappointing us. And later, when it was all right, he could not deny himself the pleasure of a surprise.'

I have had a week on the Toft quite lately. Drunken Tommy has ceded the mill to Williams and Son, who have improved the business considerably already. I had several chats with both, and found that each retained his original opinion.

'John is a very good lad,' said Peter; 'first-rate; there is no better in England. But he cannot see that those three years have been so much time lost. We could have repaid the hundred pounds principal and interest at the end of the first year.'

'I'll never start on borrowed money while I can earn a crust, though the chance be ever so tempting,' said John. 'The interest eats up your profit, and that breaks your heart. And then, if you go ill, or have a turn of bad luck, where are you? We've got the saw-mill, and the comfort of knowing that we have never been in debt, or owed it to the favour of any one.'

EXOTIC ENGLISH.

FIFTY years ago, 'Here they spike the English!' was an announcement to be seen in many a Parisian shop-window. How they did 'spike' it may be guessed from the manner in which they wrote it, sundry specimens of the Gallic-English current in Paris in 1822 being preserved in the pages of the *Mirror* of that year. M. Oliver, the Houdin of the day, promised, in his bills, to perform 'an infinity of Legerdemains worthy to excite the curiosity of spectators,' such as, 'the cut and burnt handkerchieves who shall take up their primitive forms, the watch thrown up et nailed against the wall by a pistol-shot, the enchanted glass wine, the handsome Elisina in her trunk,' and some 'low automatons who will dance up on a rope and sail do the most difficult tricks,' concluding with a *Pantasmagory* disposed in a manner as not to frighten the ladies. At a restaurant in the Palais-Royal, 'Macaroni not baked sooner ready' was to be obtained; and a hairdresser in the Rue St-Honoré sought to attract the wandering Briton by proclaiming: 'Hear to cut off here in English fashion.' The proprietor of the Montesquieu Baths issued a card notifying all it might concern: 'As for the broths, liquid or any breakfast, and, in one word, all other things relatives to the service of the

bathes, the Persons will be so good as to direct themselves to the servant bathers, who will satisfy them with the greatest attention. The public is invited not to search to displace the buckets and the swan necks, in order to forbear the accidents which may result of it, in not calling the servant bathers to his aid. The servant bathers, in consequence of having no wages, desire the bathers do not forget them.' The last clause is plain English enough. Those who desired clean linen as well as clean skins might command the services of Madame Canraiz—'washerwoman and washes embroideries, lace, gazes, silk-stockings, also household's furniture's in linen table cloths, napkins, and calenders all at one's desire; she will also charge herself of the entertaining the works that is to be done to all sorts of linen for the body, and will be exactly delivered at one's desire.'

It may be doubted whether the Frenchmen of to-day are capable of expressing their ideas in much better English than were their fathers and grand-fathers; indeed they seem to have still odder notions as to what is good English. No example given above is worse than 'workshops are moved by steam,' or 'hot, cold, and shewer bats on the premmioses;' not one is so bad as 'Thases prices its not ervaluable wen they vegetable erres news,' intended for, 'These prices do not hold good when the vegetables are out of season;' and not one is so unintelligible as 'Delaponte, proprietor of the Scie a Rubans, said the endless saw, fit to the sawing of the madriers, planks thin, boards, augar, &c;,' or 'articulation without swipe'—mysterious words of praise applied to a weighing-machine. A certain new-fashioned inkstand may possibly be an article no gentleman's library should be without, but we learn little of its merits by being told, 'People wishes to sell out at very good condition this patent right, which would offer much profit to those who would try to value it;' nor should we be inclined to speculate in a patent bathing-girdle so artfully combined that 'the person, the bathing-tub, and the machine are forming one inseparable piece!' The purchaser of a 'Proliferous Top' would hardly know what to do with it, lacking more lucid instructions than these: Roll the string in the pulley and draw; put the mother top, which is then in motion, on the little ones which are scattered about purposely one after the other; it is sufficient for putting them in movement; count numbers brought. The top goes in every manner that is wished according to the chances of positions or the skill of persons. It is a pity one should not understand all about this wonderful invention; for another tradesman assures us, 'the proliferous top is not only an attractive toy, an agreeable pass time, it is also a healthy and instructive exercise, for the reason that it provokes in a certain measure a material and intellectual work, the importance of which may not be perceived at first sight by shallow minds; but which, nevertheless, will have its influence on the physical and moral development of the child. Moreover, this toy is the ingenious work of a learned physician, who has travelled in various countries, and has for a long time meditated on the causes and effects which have the most influence on human organization with regards both to health and intelligence.' George Robins himself could not have done better.

A Spanish blacking-maker, an exhibitor at the French Exhibition of 1867, issued the following

challenge to manufacturers of boot-polish: 'The First of Andalousia.—Grand Manufactory of Blacking, oely and resinous, titled the Emperor of the Blackings. Black Ink, and all colours to write with of D. Joseph Grau, Member of the National Academy of Great Britain, revoarded in the Sevillian Exhibition of 1858, and that of London in 1862. Spain: Andalusia: Seville O'donnell Street N. 34. This blackings is knoocned to be the most useful for the conservation of the shes, for its brilliancy, solidity, permanency, flexibility, and complete discompositon of the black animal. Mr Grau dus a present of L20 sterling to the person that will present hum a blacking in paste that will reunite the same conditions as the Emperor of the Blackings.' We should be glad to know the whereabouts of the blacking-maker's National Academy, and a little information as to the nature of the black animal he manages to discompose, would be acceptable; and we should like to taste Herr Holzer's 'wine and tea stake,' distinguished by its aroma, swift dissolubility, and his property to advance the digestion, and which doubtless 'is extra, ordinary fitted for being taken with wine, tea, and punch,' particularly if accompanied with Simon's 'finest children biscuits,' unless the tea-stake is itself a tea-cake.

It is nothing unusual for a man to criticise what he does not understand, but only a Frenchman could have the presumption to pass judgment upon a poet like Pope, while he could not quote a line of his correctly, turning, for instance, 'Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all,' into, 'Be pleased with a nothing, is no blessed with all;' and, 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere,' into, 'Tis ne where to be found ot everivohere.' Even Chateaubriand must make nonsense of sense when quoting a verse from a well-known song, and write—

If the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they desery,
The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lolly boy.

Chateaubriand's blunder was absurd enough, but excusable in comparison with the mistakes perpetrated by the editor of the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, who tells his readers Charles Dickens wrote 'The posthumous papers of the Pickswicks-club,' 'Olivier Twist,' 'Chuzzlevil,' 'Christmas Carrol,' 'Cricket on the Earth,' and 'Dombey and his Son.'

A French count, writing to a friend of Charles Young the actor, said: 'Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since i am here, i speak and hear speaking all the day English, and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, i tell them Go lon, and they obey, understanding perfectly my English.' Possibly that sentence was a surprise, coming after 'almost every day the tunder is rolling upon our head with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey.' The count, we may be sure, never intended to call his correspondent a coward. Further on he blunders into insulting a lady—'i have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S—. i put my thanks at her feet as the post go at two o'clock. I have not time to write to her ladyship, but i will comply soon with the liberty she gave me. Be sure that i have not forgot Lady S— in my prayers, though not so good as i could wish indeed. Believe the faithful

friendship that I feel for you, my dear sister-in-law, since that you were so much high than my finger.' The count must surely have been beguiled by one of those funny books issued abroad for the benefit of students desirous of becoming acquainted with the mysteries of the English language—blind leaders of the blind indeed. Here is a little anecdote from one of them. 'A lady, which was to dine, chid to her servant that she had not used butter enough. This girl, for the excuse him selves, was bring a little cat on her hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime, finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat, was put into the balances, it had not weighed theat one an half pound.' Still better is this: 'The Scarron poet, being almost to die, told their servants which were weeping a bout a from her bed: "My children, you have shed too many tears; you shall not weep as much as I had done to laugh." Under the very appropriate heading of 'Idiotisms,' we find some old friends disguised almost beyond recognition, among them: Every one for him, and God for all.—It wants to speak of the rope a in the house of the hanged.—He is beggar as a church rat.—A thing is tell, and another thing is make.—To good appetite is not want any sauce.—Keep the chestnut of the fire with the cat foot.—Times is money.—Which looks for, find.—To dig of fire and to fall on small coals.—Take the occasion for the hairs.—Which not risk nothing has anything.—So many go the jar to spring, than at last rest there.—The stone as roll, not heap up foam. When foreigners display such ingenuity in inventing new readings, it is time our own Shakespearean commentators should look to their laurels.

The natives of India appear to be adepts in saying exactly what they do not mean. A Madrassee clerk besought a day's holiday, because he was unfortunately ill, by a singular dispensation, his ailment being 'fever and grapes.' A petitioner for a place promised, if his petition were granted, that he and his would ever cease to pray to the humble Almighty to shower his blessings upon their benefactor's head; and a Punjab schoolmaster proved how admirably he was qualified for teaching the rising generation the language of their rulers, by inditing the following letter to an English gentleman: 'Hox. Sir—I am most anxious to hear you are sick. I pray to God to gee you soon at R—in a state of triumph. The climate is very good and proves unhealthy. No deputy commissioner complains ever for want of climate. If you also come here, I think it will agree with your state. An information expectant or reversionary respecting your recovery state is expected, and I shall be thankful to you.' Not much more lucid was the notice posted in a Lahore hotel, a couple of years ago: 'Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, are if they say that they not have anything to eat, they will be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or, unless they bring it to the notice of the manager, and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for, and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charged for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take

wall-lamp or candle-light from the public rooms, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges.' However shaky our Lahore host's English may be, it is clear that he conducted his business upon precisely the same principle as his British brethren in the main.

We do not know if English is, henceforth, to be the official language in Japan; if it is so decreed, we may look for better examples of Japanese English than—The trees cutting, birds and beasts killing, and cows and horses setting on free at the ground belonging to the government are prohibited.—(Signed) OSAKA FU; but it is not so bad for a beginning. Some extraordinary specimens of exotic English are to be gathered in China, but we might seek long ere we found a stranger jumble of undoubted English words than a Notice issued by a sweetmeat-maker named Yeck Chee.—'Notice. The undersigned of Kingloong to manufacture the Best quality of Sweetmeats, Soy, &c. Which is composed of the finest materials, formerly for sold by the merchant of Loanqua during many years, and renowned between the farthest and the nearest. At present, the Loanqua is on leave a trust because he was deceitful and loss of the payment, hereafter for sale the sweetmeats, but by the Kingloong self, as in his own signed request that all patronize of the gentlemen to inspect the undersigned. Whoever should be mistaken to the counterfeit goods from Loanqua, it will surely not concerning of Kingloong.—KINGLOONG (Signed).—The New Merchant is Yeck Chee.'

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

In the year 18—I was shooting in the Kimidy district with my friend, Jack Waldron, a subaltern in a regiment of Madras Native Infantry. Kimidy is a little native town in the north of the Madras Presidency, and is situated among some jungly hills that have long been famous for the game to be found upon them. The inhabitants are a far handsomer race than the people to be met with on the plains, and the men have a singular practice of wearing flowers in their hair, which gives them a somewhat effeminate appearance, not unlike that noticeable in the natives of Ceylon. At the time of our visit—which was many years ago—a semi-independent rajah ruled over the Kimidy country, and he was supported in his authority by two companies of our own native infantry, detached from the neighbouring military station of Chicacole for the purpose.

Although buried alive, as it were, in the jungle, the English officers of this detachment usually preferred Kimidy to headquarters at Chicacole, for the shooting was excellent, and at the time of which I speak, the cost of living there was absurdly cheap. A whole sheep could be purchased for about a shilling; a fowl for fourpence; milk, butter, eggs, &c. for the merest trifle; so that the officers who were thus rusticated could live very well on a small portion of their pay, and lay by the remainder to purchase steps in the regiment, or to pay off their debts, according to their fancies. Then the thick jungle that closely

encircled the place was full of game, both great and small. One was often awaked in the morning by the crowing of the wild jungle-cocks and the screams of the pea-fowl in the immediate vicinity of the station; and wild hogs would enter the gardens of the officers at night, and commit sad havoc with the English vegetables that were planted there. Spotted deer, and the Sambur, or Indian elk, were very numerous upon the jungly hills about the place; and a bear could generally be found within ten minutes' walk of the station by those who cared to look for him with beaters. Lastly, there were tigers and leopards in these teeming jungles, but these animals were not often met with close at hand—they preferred to reside at a little distance from the military.

In such a paradise of sport, it might be supposed that the time would pass very pleasantly for men fond of shooting; but, unluckily, there was one drawback to the delights of life at Kimidy, and that was a very serious one—the sportsman stood more than a fair chance of contracting a jungle-fever. This terrible Indian disease stalked as gloomily and as stealthily through the hot steaming jungles as the tiger himself, and few men were so fortunate as to escape an acquaintance with the grim distemper, sooner or later, if their sporting tastes led them constantly into the jungles. Then the victim to fever would be drenched with quinine by the doctor until he was more than half-dead, and such singings in his ears would arise from the drug as would remind him of shells placed close to the tympanum; but spite of every remedy in the pharmacopœia, the disease would usually retain a tight hold of the patient unless he could get a change of air, and a holiday at the sea-side. Pooree, upon the eastern coast of India, was the usual place to which invalids from Kimidy betook themselves, and a very miserable place it was to become convalescent in, but then it was the sea-side, and that was everything. Let the reader picture to himself a great waste of glaring yellow sand, diversified only with a long line of mounds of the same arid substance along the sea-shore, and he will have a fair idea of Pooree. On one of these mounds was perched that most melancholy looking of architectural erections, an Indian public bungalow; and some old rickety heaps of brick and mortar in the neighbourhood, spoke of a time long distant, when the liverless and the weary from Calcutta used to visit Pooree occasionally as a sort of sanitarium, and bathe and play cards there by turns the live-long day. Along the coast-line northwards, one sees a patch of green, with lofty pagoda towers rising above the trees, and this is the world-famous Juggernaut, at whose shrine, pilgrims from all parts of India come to worship in thousands, carrying cholera with them as they go, and spreading the plague over every road they travel. The great car of Juggernaut no longer crushes the life out of the devotees; but for one that the car killed in old times, the cholera slays hundreds in our own, and one shudders at the very sight of a place so full of wretched memories. Indeed, I doubt if a more melancholy spot is to be found upon the globe's surface than this same Pooree. As if the land was not lugubrious enough, the ocean adds its weight to the depressing influences of the place, and rolls its great waves with such sad and monotonous music on the shore, that I cannot think of it even

at this distance of time without a sensation of disquietude. The rickety Venetian blinds of the public bungalow, which rattled incessantly day and night with the strong sea-breeze; the roar of the surf in the still hours of the night; the rheumatic bungalow sepy, who could never find anything for breakfast or dinner but fowls and eggs; the ghostly houses of the Calcutta nabobs, deserted and in ruins; the distant sail upon the far horizon—an event in one's life—the two or three old tattered books that had been left with the sepy by some sick Sahib that had died: all come freshly to my recollection, as I recall the few days that I spent at Pooree.

Well, Jack Waldron and I got rather tired after a time of shooting bears and pea-fowl; and before our month's leave of absence from a certain station had expired, proposed to visit Juggernaut, the opportunity being a good one. Besides this, I was feeling rather unwell, and feared an attack of jungle-fever, for which the sea-air was presumed to be an excellent remedy; and as Pooree is no great distance—from an Anglo-Indian point of view—from Kimidy, we settled to go down there one night in the palanquins we had brought with us from the south.

It was the Indian cold weather at this time, and the air was sufficiently chilly to make a blanket agreeable at night, so Jack and I looked forward to a comfortable sleep as we got into our respective palanquins about eight o'clock in the evening, having prepared ourselves for a good snooze, it must be acknowledged, with sundry bottles of pale ale, and a *doch-an-dorrach* in the shape of some brandy and soda-water at the hospitable mess of the detachment above alluded to. Soda-water was a rare article in Kimidy, for it had to be conveyed a long distance in bullock-carts; but the detachment officers gave us of their best in the way of dinner and liquor, so that we felt in very good-humour when the bearers took the palanquins on their shoulders, and set off for Pooree with that long sling troc peculiar to them, singing as they went in no dulcet strains. Waldron's palanquin went first, and mine followed. It was pitch-dark, but the moon was expected to rise about midnight, and in the meantime we were provided with two men carrying torches of burning rags, on which they threw oil from time to time. I lay awake for an hour or so, smoking Trichinopoly cheroots, and watching the curious and picturesque effects of the light thrown by the torches on our party and on the jungle skirting the road-side; but at length I fell asleep, to dream that I was on my way to England in a steamer, which was pitching most tremendously, just at that moment, in the very centre of the Bay of Biscay. I was awaked by a chattering among the bearers, and looking at my watch, saw that it was ten minutes past twelve, and that the moon was rising. We had stopped at a public bungalow by the road-side, and close to a village, in which there seemed to be a great deal of *tom-tom*ing and noise going on. Waldron had got out of his palanquin, and was talking to the bearers, who were greatly excited. Just then, he came to me with a very grave face. 'This is awkward,' he said: 'there is cholera very bad in the village, and our bearers, are in such a precious funk, that I am afraid they will run back to Kimidy. What's to be done?'

'We must get on at any price,' I replied; 'it

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would never do to stop here all night.—Here! Palkee Ootaw, Juldee Jao' (Lift the palanquin, and go on quick), I cried in Hindustani to the men. But the bearers would not lift the palanquins from the ground, in spite of all our threats and entreaties, until we consented to give them a present of one rupee each, and even then, three or four of them disappeared, and were seen no more, leaving us short-handed for the next stage of the journey. At last, and with no little difficulty, we got under weigh once more, the bearers grumbling greatly all the time, and evidently proceeding very much against the grain. We still maintained our old order of march, and whatever my companion's sensations may have been under the circumstances, I know that I, for my part, was very glad indeed when we passed the village, and heard the last of the tom-toms and cholera horns, with which the unfortunate villagers were striving to drive the demon of pestilence out of their borders. I am as little afraid of cholera, I hope, as any man. In India, one gets so accustomed to hear of this plague, and even to witness its ravages, that the imagination becomes dulled to its terrors; and as, in England, people live and amuse themselves without much thought of diphtheria, so, in the East, a man does not trouble himself much about cholera until he has got it. But even the boldest would hardly, from choice, care to remain in a plague-stricken village without any medicines at hand, and that, too, in the middle of the night, and at a time when the nerves are perhaps more unstrung than at any other period of the twenty-four hours; consequently, I was glad, I repeat, to get away from the place, and lit a cheroot, feeling it impossible to go to sleep directly after the noise and vexation of the disturbance with our bearers.

It was close upon one o'clock then, and the moon shone brightly at times through the fleecy clouds, that were gliding swiftly across its disk, before the force of the north-east monsoon. One of our torch-bearers had vanished, and the other had allowed his torch to go out, from carelessness or fright, but this did not much signify, as there was sufficient moonlight for the bearers to see the road, that is to say if a rutty track through the jungle could with any sense of propriety be termed a road. It was beautiful bamboo jungle that we were travelling through, and for a long time I gave myself up to watching, with much interest, the graceful waving clumps of that gigantic cane, as we passed them slowly; the bearers stumbling and kicking their way over ruts and stones with doleful groans, and grunts full of misery. I thought to myself, What a fine place for pea-fowl we must be in; and then recollecting that pea-fowl and tigers are not uncommonly found together, I began to wonder if there were any of the striped gentry prowling in the forest; for, although the word jungle is here used in the common acceptation of the Indian term, which embraces everything arborescent, from the mightiest forests to the most insignificant brushwood, it was, in fact, a bamboo forest we were in, with forest glades to the right and left of the road, and having canes of extraordinary girth and loftiness, even for that part of India. Smoking, and looking out of the palanquin window, in the faint hope of discovering some wild animal crossing the glades in the moonlight, I must have almost unconsciously got a pretty good idea of the road, for I remembered it

generally distinctly enough afterwards, when I had to travel it under less comfortable circumstances. But there were no wild animals to be seen of the kind I was looking for. Jackals raised their unearthly cry now and then in the recesses of the jungle, and the great horned owl flitted across the road from one patch of bamboo to another; but of tigers there was no sign, which was just as well, considering that we had left our guns and rifles at Kimidy, waiting our return, and had not even a pistol between us. It was hard to get any information out of the bearers regarding the character of the road, for they spoke Telegu, and had but a very slight acquaintance with Hindustani; and besides this, they were sulky, so that having tried to get some information from them in vain, I gave it up as a bad job, and throwing away the end of my cheroot, composed myself to sleep again.

I don't think I could have slept more than half an hour, when I was awaked this time by the renewed clamour of the bearers, who, crowding about the door of my palanquin, which they had allowed to fall roughly on the ground, chattered all together with surprising volubility and excitement. At first, half-asleep as I was, I could not make out what they wanted; but when I gathered that my friend Waldron was seized with cholera, I was alarmed indeed, and crawled out of the palanquin as speedily as I could, to render him assistance. The bearers were all as frightened and helpless as a flock of sheep with a wolf in their midst, and I could see that they were perfectly panic-stricken. On reaching Waldron's palanquin, which was a hundred yards or so ahead of mine, I found my friend, as I thought, very ill, and, as he faintly assured me, suffering from all the symptoms of cholera. What was to be done? We had no medicine but quinine, and it was vain to look for any. Fortunately, we had brandy, without which an Indian traveller rarely journeys, and of this I made Waldron swallow a considerable quantity *neat*. Then I ran back to call the bearers to proceed without an instant's delay; but imagine my dismay when I discovered that they had one and all disappeared! I shouted and called without effect. There was no answer. I ran back upon our road for some distance at my best speed, but could see no one; I shouted again and again, threatened and entreated by turns, but only to the trees of the forest, for not a bearer was to be seen. At last, I was obliged to own to myself that we were deserted, and with no little consternation, returned to my sick friend. He was apparently worse, and could scarcely speak, and yet I could do nothing for him. Suddenly, the thought flashed across my mind that I might return to the village we had left, and, with the aid of the head-man and the bungalow peon, compel another set of bearers to accompany me. I told Waldron of this at once; and my poor friend, who was by this time so nervous and weak as scarcely to be able to understand what I said, silently squeezed my hand; a gesture I accepted as an assent. There was no time to be lost: I wrapped a blanket round him, and set off upon my lonely errand by the flickering light of the moon.

At first, I was too much engrossed by poor Waldron's piteous state to think much of my surroundings; and I had gone over perhaps half the distance that divided us from the last stage we

had left, when I became painfully aware that I was in a very awkward predicament myself. It was that part of the road where the bamboos grew thickly, and I was passing a great cluster of canes whose feathery leaves obscured the light, when I tripped over a stone, and fell flat on the road. I was not much hurt—only my knee bruised; but in getting up again to brush the dirt off my clothes, I happened to look back, and an indescribable sensation of awe came over me at what I saw in my tracks: *There was a tiger following me.* At first, I would not believe it; I reasoned with myself that such a circumstance was impossible. 'I am nervous, tired, anxious, and have, perhaps, an attack of fever coming on,' I said to myself; 'and that dark thing there in the road that I fancy is a tiger crouching, is no tiger at all, but only a shadow or a stone. It's all nonsense. Think of Waldron, and step out.' I did so, encouraging myself as I walked as fast as I could, without actually running, by such reflections as these, although I felt in a cold perspiration, and my knees knocked together, I am not ashamed to say, with pure fright. Remember, I had no rifle, gun, or even a pistol with me, and was quite at the mercy of the tiger, if tiger it was. Perhaps, for one hundred yards or so, I restrained my curiosity to look round again, but at last this overcame my sense of prudence, and I stopped short and faced round. There could be no mistake this time. Not thirty paces from me, standing full in the moonlight, was a large tiger, which crouched to the ground directly I turned. I do not know what another person would have done under the circumstances; for myself, I felt for the moment mad, with mingled rage and terror. To be followed thus was cruel and irritating, and there must be an end to it. This was the predominant thought in my mind, though I was at the same time cold with fear. I cursed the tiger in my heart, as if he was a reasonable being opposing my wishes, and in the wildness of despair, I threw up my arms suddenly, and shouted with all my strength. I knew it was neck or nothing; but my joy was greater than I can express when I saw the tiger rise and slink into the jungle. He did this so silently and smoothly, that I had to look hard at the place where he had been to feel assured he was really gone; but then, overcome by my emotions, I sank down on the ground, where I remained a moment or two, wiping the cold sweat from my brow. Happily, I had my cigar-case and lights in the pocket of my coat; and to reassure myself a little, I drew out a cigar, and, with trembling fingers, succeeded in lighting it. In some circumstances there is nothing like tobacco to steady the nerves. I should like to 'propose,' if it were given me to do so, with a cigar in my mouth; and I should think that a pipe must be a great aid to a person desirous of borrowing money from a friend. With the smoke, my courage revived, and I even had the temerity to throw a good-sized stone into the bush where my enemy had disappeared. 'He is gone for good,' I said to myself, 'and joy go with him,' for there was no response to this insult; and the thought lending me renewed vigour, I stepped out briskly again. 'The beast evidently took me for a deer, or something of that sort, and bolted when he heard the human voice divine.—Hollo! As I live, there he is again.'

The cigar dropped from my mouth as I muttered these last words under my breath; and I

stood transfixed, as it were, gazing at the long, stealthy form of the tiger, as he passed across a glade in the jungle, walking parallel with me. He was much closer than before—not twenty paces distant, I fancy; and the horrible thought came icily upon me, that he was keeping me company until a favourable opportunity offered for a spring. Again I shouted aloud, and again there was no response. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and walked on, keeping as near to the other side of the path as the jungle permitted, and peering cautiously into the bushes as I advanced. Still no tiger. I had got over another hundred yards or so, all my nerves strung to their utmost tension, when again I beheld that same dreadful form gliding across a moonlit glade. This time I saw the animal so plainly, that the marks on his skin were clearly discernible, and though I lost sight of him again in a moment, this sickened me with a frightful apprehension. It was evident the animal was stalking me, and I paused to consider what was to be done. To return was as bad as to stand still, and yet to go on, looked very like tempting fate. Nowhere was there a tree I could climb for safety. The bamboos grew in thick clumps, with so much undergrowth about their stems, as to render it hopeless to try to penetrate it without making much noise in the attempt, and I felt that such noise would be in the highest degree dangerous under the circumstances. I might run at my best pace ahead, and for a second I thought of doing so; but then, again, the tiger could easily outstrip me, and would not running encourage him to follow? There was nothing for it but to walk on as I had been doing; and accordingly, affecting a courage I was far from feeling, I went on my way. I could hear nothing as I walked but the sound of my own footsteps, and the faint rustling of the leaves in the bamboos overhead; but this silence of the night only rendered the occasional glimpses I caught of my terrible enemy the more appalling, as he slunk like a shadow from bush to bush, but always on a line with me, and, as I fancied, nearer and nearer to the road-side. I do not know how long this continued. I was in that state of mind to take no count of time, and my only idea was to get on as fast as possible to the village for assistance. It was just then, and when I was plodding along over the ruts and stones in the path, that I heard, or fancied I heard, the sound of bearers' voices borne faintly towards me on the night-breeze. 'Hay oh! Hi oh! Hay oh! Hi oh!' seemed to be wafted to me from afar like a song of deliverance, and I stopped for a moment to be sure that my ears had not deceived me. At the time, indeed, I was very doubtful whether I was awake or asleep, sane or insane. It might all be a horrible nightmare, and my ghastly companion a mere freak of the imagination. I pinched my arm, to make certain I was not dreaming; but I need not have put my wakefulness to this test, for there was the tiger, and *this time in front of me.* He must have passed ahead while I stopped to listen; and he now lay crouched in the very middle of the path, about twenty paces in front of me. The moon was shining very brightly at the moment—not a cloud near it, and I could distinctly make out every limb of the animal, even to his tail, which was moving from side to side with a rapid whisking motion. Instinctively, I stepped a few paces backwards, fully expecting to see the tiger pounce upon

me in one or two of those great bounds peculiar to the animal; but he did nothing of the sort—he only sneaked a little nearer, his belly upon the ground, and so stealthily, that I only could tell that he had moved by his preserving the same distance from me as before. Not daring to look round, I stepped back again, half-dead with terror, but supported to some extent by the cries of the palanquin bearers in the distance, that were now drawing rather closer to me. It was a palanquin coming along the road from Pooree, and if it came quickly I might be saved. This was the question: would the tiger devour me before it could arrive, or not? I could not think upon it; my brain swam, and I believe for a time I must have been unconscious of anything about me. The last thing I remember was an attempt I made to shout, although, whether I did shout or not, I cannot say, and then I awoke to find myself in the arms of a stranger, who was bending over me, and holding a flask to my lips. There were a crowd of bearers and armed peons standing round, and two palanquins, one of which was Waldron's. In a few words, the stranger explained it all. He was the head-assistant to the collector of a neighbouring district, and was travelling on duty from Pooree, when he came to the place where poor Waldron lay alone on the road. Luckily, he had a medicine-chest with him, and was something of a doctor. He prescribed for my friend on the spot, and ordered a few of his numerous hangers-on to take up the sick man's palanquin, and follow him. They travelled at their best speed, or I might not have lived to tell the tale. The civilian went on to tell me that he was aroused a second time by his peons, who ran ahead, shouting out: 'Bagh, Bagh!' (Tiger, Tiger!) and by the commotion among his bearers, who nearly allowed the palanquin to fall on the ground. He seized his rifle, which lay loaded beside him; but when he jumped out of the palanquin, the tiger was gone, and there remained in its place, to his great astonishment, myself. That a European should be found in a faint on such a road, and in such a place, was an enigma to him, until I told my story, when, seeing how fatigued and excited I was, he insisted upon my getting into his palanquin, while he walked alongside it. My own palanquin, I should say, was being brought slowly after us by two or three of my new friend's numerous retainers.

There is little more to tell. We all three duly arrived at the bungalow, Waldron in a profound sleep, from which he awoke late next morning much better in health. Whether the narcotic he had taken was a cure for cholera, or his attack was a very slight one, I cannot say, but certainly he was as fit to travel that day as I was myself. Perhaps I was the greater invalid of the two, for I was suffering much from fever, brought on, no doubt by the fatigue and excitement of the previous night. However, this cholera-stricken village was no place to stay in, and Waldron and I determined to go on to Pooree at once, and this time by daylight. Thanks to the official importance of our civilian friend, we had no difficulty this time in procuring bearers; and about one o'clock in the day we returned over that terrible road, that must ever leave a vivid impression upon my memory, without further adventure. The civilian was bound in the other direction; but he told me that he would be in that part of the country again in a

few weeks, when he would certainly beat up my friend the tiger. And long afterwards—after we had left Pooree, and were busy with the parades and drills of regimental existence—I had a letter from this same civilian, sending me a tiger-skin, which he vouched for as the coat of the identical beast that went so near eating me up. It was the only tiger that haunted that particular road, he said, and it was killed by a native Shikarree, for the sake of the government reward. A woman's 'bangle' or golden ornament was said to have been found in its stomach, but this may have been the invention of the Shikarree. True or not, the skin was and is a handsome one; but it does not need to be spread as a hearthrug constantly before my eyes, to recall the terrible memories of that night I spent in the jungle.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE LETTER.

FOR weeks, nothing more was said between wife and husband upon the subject of Richard; but every morning, so soon as time permitted of the arrival of an answer to her letter, Maggie listened with eagerness to the postman's ring, and felt sick at heart when no news came from beyond seas. Besides her desire to justify her husband in the world's eyes, she had a passionate wish that the two brothers should be reconciled, and Richard's silence seemed to portend that this would never be. Of course, he might not be at New York, but in the fact that he was there, lay her only hope. It was almost certain that he would never communicate with home again of his own free-will; and she had confidence in the effect of her appeal to him, should it ever reach his hands. John, on the other hand, evinced no sign of expectation, and appeared to have dismissed the subject from his mind.

At last, one morning, as they sat at breakfast, Mrs. Morden put a letter in her hand, with a cheerful: 'From foreign parts, I think, ma'am;' and Maggie saw that it had the New York postmark. Her heart beat violently, but she concealed her agitation, and left the letter on the table till the housekeeper had cleared away the things, a duty which she always performed herself. Then so soon as she had left the room—'John, the letter has come,' said Maggie gravely.

John looked up from the newspaper, in which he was engaged with an air of enforced interest, and answered: 'What letter?'

It seemed extraordinary to her that he should be so indifferent concerning a matter which had filled her own mind for so long, and she cast at him, for the first time in her life, a look of keen reproach. 'Ten thousand pardons, Maggie!' cried he; 'but for the moment I had forgotten.'

'O John, it is not from Richard himself; it is not his handwriting! Somebody else has written, perhaps to say— Oh, I dare not open it!'

'Why, Maggie, it is an official communication, that is all. See! it is stamped, 'From the Dead-letter Office.'

'The Dead-letter Office!' Maggie shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

'My darling, those words mean nothing, except that the person to whom the inclosure was addressed has not called for it within a certain time.

This is simply your own letter come back again. For my part, I expected nothing else.'

'John, you are deceiving me!' exclaimed Maggie. 'You do it for my sake, but it is cruel. You are affecting a calmness which you do not feel. Your hand is trembling, though your speech is firm. Be candid with me. I can bear to hear the truth. You know something that I don't know about Richard.'

'I? How should I know?'

If he had been really affecting unconcern, her accusation had baffled him, and he had given up the deception altogether. His face had become deadly pale, and his voice, usually so calm and measured, quavered like that of an old man, as he went on complainingly: 'Have you not read the words Richard left behind him? And what can I have heard since those were written?'

'I cannot tell, John, but it seems to me that you are in possession of some fact which, for my sake, as you imagine, you keep from me. I think, too, that my father also knows more about Richard than he chooses to tell.'

'Indeed!' said John more briskly. 'Then you had better tax him with it, for I do assure you his knowledge is not shared by me.'

Maggie remained silent and thoughtful for a full minute, during which her husband kept his eyes upon her, like one who fears a blow.

'Dear John,' said she at last, 'this subject is a painful one to both of us, and I, for my part, do not wish to recur to it. If you can really put the matter at rest which troubles me, do so if it can be done! I ask you, on your honour, has anything come to your knowledge, since Richard's departure, to make you conclude him dead?'

'Dead?' repeated her husband, in a voice so low that it scarcely reached her ears—'dead? How came you to think of that? Hush! Don't talk of it here; let us come out into the garden.'

He stepped through the open window as he spoke, and Maggie followed him with trembling limbs. It seemed to her that she was on the verge of some terrible secret, which his lips would reveal only where none could overhear it. He led her to the extremity of the garden, where a rustic bower with its bench had been newly built. It was in structure very different from the arbour built upon the leads in Mitchell Street, yet, somehow, it reminded her of it, and of that interview with Richard wherein he had won her consent to their marriage. Behind this bower, instead of lines of rail, lay a gravel-pit, long unworked—though some of its contents had been used to make the garden-paths by old Matthew Thurlie, and this was surrounded by a little wood, or, as the folk at Hilton called it, a spinney. It was a very lonely and secluded spot indeed.

'Now, tell me, Maggie,' said John, taking her hand in his, but looking on the ground, 'why you think—what you said just now about Richard.'

'I did not say I thought it, John; I asked you for your own opinion.'

'I have none to offer, Maggie. But perhaps I may have one, when you have told me yours. I have not thought of the matter as you have done; let us talk it over now—for the last time.'

The hand that lay in hers was cold as marble, and his face looked more than ever 'like a statue,' as she had heard folk term it.

'I think, Richard is dead, John, for two reasons:

partly from what I know of his character, with which his sudden disappearance, without a word of warning, is wholly inconsistent; but especially from his silence since. He might not have forgiven us—though I hope he would—but he would certainly have written, either in forgiveness or in reproach, when he heard of your marriage.'

'But what if he has never heard?'

'That seems very unlikely. It is impossible he could have been so indifferent to what happened after his departure. No, no; if he lives, he knows!'

'I see,' said John, with quiet gravity, and checking off, as it seemed, these arguments upon his fingers; 'you think him dead because he has acted inconsistently with your ideas of him. Is that your only reason?'

'It is not. I am convinced, from certain circumstances, that his departure was hurried—not such as it would have been, had he had any long journey in contemplation.'

'What circumstances?'

'Well, they are trifling in themselves; but for one thing, he left his cigar-case—'

'But that was empty,' was John's quick reply; 'at least,' added he, 'I think Mrs Morden said so.'

'Yes, it was empty,' said Maggie thoughtfully. 'He told me once that he never went to bed so long as he had a cigar in his pocket. He must have meant, therefore, to go to bed when he had done his talk with you that night; then changed his mind, and gone into the town.—Do you think it humanly possible, John, that he was made away with?'

'Made away with!' echoed John, in a hoarse whisper. 'Do you mean murdered?'

Maggie moved her head in assent; there was a lump in her throat that would not let her speak.

'No, no, Maggie; he was not—that. I am certain of it. He had many evil friends in Hilton, but not one enemy—except himself.'

'Not Dennis Blake?'

'Nay, this is not right, Maggie. You must not entertain unjust thoughts. The man you speak of is a worthless profligate, but quite incapable of such a crime. I, of all men, have no cause to defend him; but you are doing Blake wrong.'

'I am not so sure, John. There are some suspicious circumstances which have come to my knowledge about that person. Fanny, who has the charge of little Willie, you know, has told me of them. She told my father, who, it seems, bade her hold her tongue—I don't doubt, to spare me.'

'And he was quite right,' observed John earnestly, 'not only on your account, but in the interests of common justice. You despise the malicious rumours current against myself; and yet you give ear to the idle tattle of a servant-girl, which would brand a fellow-creature with the worst of crimes!'

'But perhaps it is not idle tattle. She knows the woman in whose house Blake lodged, and she tells her that some one entered it after two o'clock on the morning of Richard's disappearance; that she heard Blake go down and let that person in.'

'That is like enough,' muttered John thoughtfully.

'And that was the hour at which you parted from Richard, was it not?'

'It was about that time.'

'Well, the woman says, that though she heard this man come in'—

'How do you know it *was* a man?' inquired John quickly.

'She heard his footstep on the stairs, and she says it was Richard's footstep, with which she was familiar, for he often used to come and play cards with her lodger late at night.'

'Well, supposing it *was* Richard? She heard him come and go; what then?'

'She did not hear him go. She might have been asleep, of course, when he went away; but so it was. And when you asked Blake, on that very day, whether Richard had been to his rooms the previous night, he denied it. I remember father saying at the time that he was sure Blake was telling a lie.'

'That may be so or not, Maggie,' answered her husband gravely, and rising from his seat; 'but I can tell you this, that the very last man in all Hilton to do harm to my poor brother would have been Dennis Blake. His death would have been greatly to his disadvantage, for Richard was an annuity to him. You are the wisest and best of womankind, Maggie, but you are still a woman, warped by prejudice, and incapable of an unbiased judgment. Pray, let me hear of this no more.'

Maggie felt that their talk was over, and the topic of it sealed for ever.

Her husband had shewn, for the first time, what was for him a deep displeasure. She did not respect him less on that account; for had it not been caused by her accusation of his enemy? How good and just he was! How slow to impute evil even to the worst of men, and those who had done him the worst injuries!

Without being satisfied by his arguments, she was convinced, and that is as much as any husband can expect, even the most sanguine.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE CORPSE-CANDLE.

To dismiss a haunting subject from our thoughts, out of regard to the wishes of others, is a difficult, but, to a dutiful mind, not an impossible task. If Maggie had loved her husband more, and respected him less, perhaps she could not have been so obedient; but as it was, she did her best to cease to speculate on Richard's fate, since, whenever she did so, she found her suspicions centring upon the man for whose innocence she had John's own word, which was law to her. There was reason, too, she was obliged to confess, upon John's side in this matter, as well as authority. A year ago, though she had even then good cause to loathe and despise the man, it would never have occurred to her to impute such a heinous crime to Dennis Blake as the murder of his friend. But hearing from time to time, partly from her father, chiefly from talkative Mrs Morden, how low he was falling; first expelled from his club; then passing a vagabond life in bar-rooms and billiard-rooms; eventually an outcast and a sot, and clothed in rags, as she had seen him with her own eyes in the public streets, her views of him had insensibly received their colour from his circumstances. To suppose a man who dresses in the height of fashion, and keeps a riding-horse, guilty of slaying a fellow-creature for the contents of his purse, requires a stretch of imagination, not in the straight line, but at the angle leading to melodrama; whereas, in

rags and want, and surrounded with the lurid halo of evil courses, the same personage may be credited with anything. Moreover, the idea of Richard being dead at all did not seem to be entertained by any one except herself, who, alas, had been so wrong about him, while others had been proved right. So she went about her household duties with greater diligence than ever; pursued the old handiwork that she had suffered to fall into disuse; and especially occupied herself with little Willie less than she had been wont to do. The child was growing strikingly like his father, and whenever she looked upon him, Richard seemed to stand before her, pale and mournful, as though reproaching her, not with her marriage, for her conscience held her clear upon that score, but with the complacency with which his mysterious fate had been accepted, and of which such advantages had been reaped without question. For was not her father cheerful, convalescent, and placed above the reach of want; and was not she herself, if not high placed, far above what she could have hoped to be as Richard's wife, and tended by loving hands, that would not let the very winds of heaven visit her too roughly—and had not all this edifice of prosperity been built, as it were, out of the ruins of lost Richard!

If Maggie had had children of her own, the task she had imposed upon herself would have been easier; 'baby fingers, waxen touches,' would have driven out of her those morbid fancies; the prattle of their infant tongues would have drowned the voice that seemed to appeal to her from the tomb, and even as it was, it was growing less and less important, when a circumstance occurred that gave it a significance it had never possessed before.

Maggie was passing to her own room one night in early winter, when at the staircase window she came upon the housekeeper looking intently out of it: not having her trumpet in her ear, the old woman did not perceive her mistress's approach, but continued her scrutiny, at the same time muttering to herself.

'It is gone now, but it was there a minute ago, I'll swear it!' murmured she.

'What is it you are looking at, Mrs Morden? You must have good eyes to pierce through such a night as this.'

The housekeeper turned towards her a face that, in the candle-light, shewed a very different complexion to its ordinary apple-like hue, and answered hastily: 'Oh, nothing, ma'am; I was only just a-going to draw down the blind, which Lucy has forgotten.'

'I see there is nothing now; but what was that you did see? I heard you say you saw something.'

'Well, it might have been a shooting-star, but it seemed to be too near the ground. Lucy saw it too last night, she says, and that's what made me take such notice. But, oh! dear-a-me! them girls will say anything, especially if they have heard people say it before!'

'What is it she has heard people say?' asked Maggie. Her mind misgave her that it was something of which she had better be ignorant; the housekeeper's observation respecting Lucy having at once recalled the gossip of Willie's nurse to her remembrance; but was it not even worse to be the victim of such a morbid apprehension, than to grapple with it at once!

'It is better to let such foolish tales die out of their own selves,' said Mrs Morden, with a didactic air, 'than to encourage them by paying them any attention.'

'Nevertheless, I must ask you to speak out,' answered Maggie firmly. 'Your occupation at this window did not seem much like the discouragement you recommend, I think. Please to come into my room.'

'If you insist upon knowing what I was looking for, why, I must tell you,' replied the old woman reluctantly, as she followed her mistress to her chamber, and closed the door behind her; 'but it's not a pleasant thing to repeat, and will be painful to you to hear, especially since you have been apt to cut me short whenever I have spoken of the matter before; I mean, of poor Mr Richard's going away, and what has been said about it.'

'What has Richard's going away to do with your looking out of that window?'

'Well, nothing at all, so far as I know. It's not my story, mistress, I assure you! but our Lucy, she picks up all the rubbish that is going about, and this is some of it.'

If Mrs Morden thought to weary her mistress out by her prolixity, as she often did her master, and thereby gain her ends, which were in this instance to avoid the required explanation, she was deceived. Maggie had seated herself by the bedroom fire—one of the many luxuries with which her husband's solicitude had provided her, but which would otherwise have never occurred to her to desire—and was listening with every mark of attention, though with averted face.

'You see, it's got about of late—though I am sure I don't know why, ma'am, unless it's because one has been so long without a scrap of news—that poor Mr Richard is dead; and more than that, that he's been made away with.'

Maggie was prepared for something which should demand some exercise of self-control, or else she would surely have betrayed the shock which this announcement cost her, chiming in as it did with her own convictions, and corroborating the suspicions she would have fain dispelled. She kept her eyes, however, fixed upon the glowing embers, and maintained a resolute silence.

'Their notion is, ma'am,' resumed the old woman, who, now that the ice seemed broken, and without any catastrophe, began to feel her usual gusto in narration, 'that he was robbed and murdered, and then hidden away somewhere underground. But murder will always out, and when man cannot discover it, Heaven takes the matter into its own hand. A flame, for example, is said to flicker over the place where the body is hidden; and that's true, for I've read it in a book. Only, of course, it's very wrong and foolish to suppose anything of the sort with respect to poor Master Richard, who may come back any day, alive and well, just as likely as not; and, as to his being murdered, what I say is, Who could have hurt a hair of his head? Why, not a man in all Hilton, unless, to be sure, it were that there Dennis Blake.'

'Dennis Blake! What makes you think so ill of him?'

'Well, he's a bad lot, Miss Maggie'—the housekeeper often called her young mistress, in moments of confidence, by her maiden name. 'He was the very worst of all those folks that poor Master

Richard brought to this house; he was not so clever as some, but he was the wickedest. Servants see things sometimes as gentlefolks and guests never suspect. I've gone into the parlour to put the supper out, when none of them have noticed me, being so intent upon their game, and I've seen Mr Blake play tricks, I'm sure of it, with the big cards. Now, a man as would cheat his friend, would, in my opinion, murder him; that is, if he got the chance, and could feel himself pretty safe when he did it.'

'Is it commonly reported, then, that Dennis Blake committed this crime?'

'Well, no, ma'am; I can't say that: some say it's one man, and some say it's another. What I says is, if it's *anybody*, it's that man Blake. It's nobody nearer home, I'll take my oath on't.'

'Nobody nearer home!' exclaimed Maggie, with unfeigned astonishment. 'Why, who *should* it be?'

Her surprise alarmed the old woman more than her indignation would have done: she did not venture to pursue her own suggestion, but hastened, with nervous trepidation, to efface its effect. 'I said, that wherever the body might be, there was no body near our house—such as in the woodhouse. That is where the light has been seen, once or twice, they say, late o' nights, and at which you saw me looking from the staircase window. There really was a light, though it shone but for an instant; though, as for its being a candle, as Mrs— Oh! ma'am, you are never going to tell Master John?'

'I am going to tell him there's a light in the woodhouse; why not?' replied Maggie vehemently, but pausing with her hand upon the door. She had realised at last the horrible accusation against her husband. She must do something; she could not sit quiet in that room until he came, and then be silent. 'If there are thieves in the garden, am I not to tell?' Without waiting to hear further remonstrance, she ran down-stairs to the parlour, which she had just quitted. She had left her husband reading near the table, but he was now standing with his elbow on the mantel-piece, looking very grave and sad.

'What is it, Maggie? I thought you had gone to bed.'

'Yes; but there is some one in the garden: a light has been seen in the toolhouse but five minutes ago.'

'Indeed! I will go and see.'

She would have given much, could all those revilers, who invented these foul lies about John Milbank, have beheld him now, as he calmly took his hat down from its peg in the little lobby, and walked forth unarmoured into the night. Did that resolute face betray a guilty conscience, or that firm step betoken the courage of despair? He looked back once, with an assuring smile, as she stood, candle in hand, to watch him out of doors, and then was gone.

He was some time away, perhaps five minutes, which seemed thrice five to her, but presently returned with the same quiet face.

'There is no one in the toolhouse, Maggie, nor has there been, as far as I could see. It must have been your fancy.'

'It was not mine at all; it was Mrs Morden who saw the light, or thought she saw it,' answered Maggie with indignation. She was not so angry with the housekeeper as with herself, for having

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been vexed with her vulgar terrors, and for having listened, even involuntarily, to that hateful story, born of malice and superstition, respecting the corpse-candle. Nevertheless, her heart quaked within her when her husband summoned the old woman, lest she should blurt out her disbelief in it (as she had done to herself), under the impression that she (Maggie) had told it to her master. But all John had to ask was when the light in the tool-house had been seen, and how often; to which Mrs Morden's answers were, for once, direct and short enough. It had been seen but thrice, and always about the same hour, between eleven and midnight; on the other hand, the situation of the spot was such as respected the house that it could only be seen from the kitchen and staircase windows.

It was evident John Milbank attached but little importance to the affair; and with the remark that he would have the tools brought within doors on the morrow, after which there would be nothing in the outhouse to be stolen save the stack of fuel for winter use, he seemed to dismiss the subject from his mind. Not so poor Maggie; the peace that she had fondly hoped was growing within her was by this paltry incident nipped as with sudden frost; or rather rank Calumny had grown so high as quite to stifle it; her thoughts returned to that forbidden channel of Richard's fate with redoubled force.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VERY important physiological fact has been demonstrated by Professor Ferrier, of King's College, London, and in a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Society, he has described the experiments by which his demonstration was established—'that there is a localisation of function in special regions of the brain.' A former experimentalist had shewn that certain forms of epilepsy were occasioned by irritation or 'discharging lesions' of the substance known to anatomists as the 'gray matter' in a certain part of the brain, and Dr Ferrier not only confirms that theory, but has carried his investigation into a wider range of phenomena.

The animals experimented on included jackals, dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, and frogs, toads, and fishes. They were rendered partially insensible by means of an anæsthetic, the surface of the brain was then laid bare, and certain parts were touched, or irritated, by the conductor of a current of electricity; and in some instances a portion of the brain was cut away. Generally speaking, it was found that movements of the limbs are excited when certain parts of the side of the brain are touched; and it is remarkable in some instances, that on touching a second place, not more than an eighth of an inch from the first, an entirely different movement is produced. One touch, for example, may move the hind-leg; the other excites a muscle far away from the hind-leg; and these results are so invariable, that Dr Ferrier can tell beforehand what will be the effect of irritating any given spot. And that which is true of one animal, appears to be true of all the animals experimented on.

From this we learn that the brain can be mapped out in certain definite areas, to each of which a different function could be assigned. Thus it is ascertained that the muscles of the face are excited

by irritation of the forepart of the brain, movements of the head and eyes are also produced, and the phenomena are so marked, that Dr Ferrier is led to believe the convolution known as the 'angular gyrus' to be 'the cerebral expansion of the optic nerve, and therefore the seat of visual perception.' In like manner he regards a neighbouring convolution, irritation of which excites movements of the ear, 'as the cerebral termination of the auditory nerve.' He also localises the sense of smell, and can indicate generally the locality 'connected with sensations of taste and touch.'

Such, briefly sketched, are the leading points in Dr Ferrier's paper. Of course the great question remains—In what way does irritation of the surface of the brain produce the effects described? To answer this question satisfactorily, will require a long course of research and observation. Meanwhile, we may content ourselves with the suggestion, 'that a scientific phrenology is possible.' Not the fallacious phrenology of a former generation; but a science based on anatomical investigation.

Readers who desire further information on this interesting subject will find it in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society.

We have more than once mentioned the good work done by the Scottish Meteorological Society in their special vocation, and we gather from their last Report that the good work still goes on. They have appointed a Committee to discover, if possible, on what (and whether any) meteorological influences a good or bad herring-fishery may depend. Some fishermen think that a bad season means a cold season; others, that storms, and not temperature, keep away the herrings from their accustomed haunts. The question is an interesting one; and if intelligent fishermen can be got to co-operate in the needful observations, it may perhaps be solved. Another question which the Society are investigating is, How far does the sea-climate extend inland? They have two stations—a small island in the Shetlands, and a small island in the Hebrides—where land influence goes for nothing, and where, consequently, the sea-temperature prevails; and these furnish data for determining the influence of land in lowering the winter, and raising the summer temperature. The Society have also had under notice a suggestion, 'that trap-dykes, by acting as good continuous conductors between the fused material in the centre of the earth and the outer air, might be expected to exercise considerably greater thermal influence than surrounding districts of stratified rocks, such as the coal formations.' This is a suggestion which may have important bearings on agriculture.

A rumour from Russia to the effect that the mammoth is *not* an extinct animal, has set naturalists on the alert; and should it prove true that living mammoths are now to be seen in the deep gorges of the Lena, in far Eastern Siberia, we may anticipate that expeditions will be sent out to capture a few of the huge animals for the zoological gardens of Europe. According to the rumour, the discovery was made by one of the convicts who had been transported to that distant region. That the mammoth once abounded in Siberia, is well known; for thousands of mammoths, whose tusks supply much of the ivory used in the arts, are there imbedded in the frozen ground.

It is well known to naturalists that the ancient

animals of Australia had peculiarities of structure, and that the peculiarities have prevailed down to the present day. Professor Owen's papers on the fossil mammals of Australia, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, afford interesting evidence of the structure and habits of gigantic birds, kangaroos, and other creatures that lived in the early ages of the globe; and of this evidence in a fossil form the supply appears to be inexhaustible. An interesting example occurs in a report of an exploration in Queensland, published by the Royal Geographical Society. The exploring party had arrived on the banks of the river Walsh, and found in the cliffs, and among the boulders, fossils innumerable, including a few bones of the vertebrae of some large animal. 'There they lie,' writes Mr Hann, the leader of the expedition, 'under the traveller's feet like pebbles on the seashore; they hang above his head ready to crush him if he be not careful; he cannot move without, seeing them around him on all sides, of all sizes, and numbers among them beautifully perfect.' What a spot for a collector! Shall we hear of 'a rush' to the fossil deposits on the Walsh? They might pay better even than auriferous quartz.

It has been a question whether any and what animals live in the lakes of the great alkali plains around Salt Lake City. From one of those pools a bottle of water containing swarms of animals resembling crustaceans was taken and brought to England, when, on examination, one specimen only was found surviving. It was a Cyclops somewhat like the common species.

Carbolic acid is found to be a better preservative of specimens intended for microscopic examination than creosote; but in preserving algae, it stands pre-eminent. Creosote, in process of time, deposits a crust which injures or obscures the object, while the acid solution remains always clear.

The air-brake invented by Mr Westinghouse, which we have before noticed, has been officially tested on the railway between Newcastle and Berwick, with complete success. The train running 50 miles an hour was stopped in 20 seconds within a distance of 260 yards; and in another instance, going down an incline of 1 in 190 at a speed of 45 miles, the stoppage was effected in 15 seconds, and in a distance of 210 yards. We may therefore believe that on all lines, but especially on those of frequent and complicated traffic, this new brake may be so applied as to prevent many a collision. The mode of working is simple. The guard turns a tap, and instantaneously the pressure of an air-cushion bears on the wheel-blocks, and the train is brought to a stand-still without the heavy grinding and concussion produced by a non-elastic brake. Any means of safety should be welcomed in a country where punctuality is not considered an imperative duty, and where railway accidents are described as unavoidable.

The famine in India imparts interest to an inquiry concerning the fresh-water fisheries of that country, which was commenced in 1867, by order of the Indian government. The rivers are numerous, and various in character, from mountain torrents and lazy shallows, to broad rolling streams in the hot sun-searched plains, and the fishes of one locality are rarely if ever met with in the other. The waste of fish, through greedy and indiscriminate capture, is enormous, and the principal object

of the inquiry was to prevent this waste, and thus multiply means of sustenance in a country where deficiency of animal food prevails. Reports from native and European functionaries in all parts of India and in Burmah have been obtained, and these are embodied in a book of more than four hundred pages, by Surgeon-major Day, published at the government printing-office, Calcutta. The interference of law in behalf of fish has been so beneficial in this country, that we can but wish success to any similar proceeding in India, where, when rice fails, the people die of famine; just as the Irish a few years ago died through trusting in potatoes. Mr Day's Report embraces the whole question, including a descriptive catalogue of the fish, with some mention of their habits. Among the latter, we find a curious instance. In a mountain torrent, fish are comparatively helpless; hence many of the species which inhabit the hill-streams are provided with an adhesive sucker behind the lower jaw or on the chest, and with this they hold on to the rocks, and thus save themselves from being washed away.

The water-supply of Calcutta is derived from the river Hooghly (or Hugli, as it is now spelt), and during the rainy season the water looks muddy when delivered in the houses. While the question of a remedy was under discussion, it was suggested that, by reason of the rains, the proportion of natural saline constituents was largely diminished, and that if the salts could be added artificially, the water would be as bright during the rainy season as at other times. The experiment was tried with carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, and with sulphate of lime, and was in each case successful. The effect of these salts is officially described as to 'cause the very fine particles of clay to coalesce and aggregate into larger and denser ones, which, in the course of twenty-four to forty-eight hours, settle well, and the water can then be filtered easily. The clay has been said to be coagulated, and the term seems appropriate.' This is a fact worth consideration by all concerned in water-supply, especially when the source is a mountain stream. Marseilles, for example, is supplied from the Garonne, a river liable to muddy floods.

It may interest some readers to learn that a hot blast is now used in dentistry as well as in the manufacture of iron. There are some operations in which nothing will dry a cavity or the gum so effectually as a hot blast, and this is blown in by means of a syringe.

LOVE.

THE love that will soonest decay,
The love that is surest to die,
The love that will soon fly away,
Is the love
That is told by a sigh.

The love that is surest to last,
The love that a woman's heart needs,
The love that will ever be fast,
Is the love
That is spoken in deeds.

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